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A  
JOURNAL  
OF A  
VOYAGE  
FROM  
BENGAL.

JOURNAL

OF



FROM

BRITISH MUSEUM



A  
FAMILIAR EPISTOLARY  
JOURNAL  
OF  
A VOYAGE

FROM  
BENGAL, [Apex-Mer]  
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IN THE  
SYREN SLOOP,

BURDEN EIGHTY TONS,

In the YEAR 1757.

EVAN JONES, MASTER.

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Bath

PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL.

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FAMILIAR EPISTOLARY

JOURNAL

A VOYAGE



BEING

SYREN SLOOP

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A FAMILIAR  
EPISTOLARY JOURNAL  
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IN 1757.

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To ———

IT has been often said, that the next degree of pleasure to the enjoying the society of those we value, is the *corresponding* with them; to this I say No, and assert, that the next degree of satisfaction we enjoy in the absence of our friends, is the



supreme luxury of thinking on them. To this it may be objected, that this pleasure is enjoyed in the act of writing, so that still the preference must be given to the correspondence. In some sense I allow this to be true, but cannot give a full latitude to the conclusion, because we cannot have it so often in our power to *write* as we have to *think*; besides, friendships sometimes are so oddly circumstanced, respecting either the world, or the object of our estimation and correspondence, that the parties cannot with propriety convey those effusions and sentiments in which the heart is most interested, and which, in truth, constitute the very essence of all correspondence. But, as this is not the case

case between you and me, I can enjoy both the pleasure of writing and thinking on you *ad libitum*, as often as the perpetual motion we are in will give me leave. Indeed I do not despair but that before the end of the voyage, I shall acquire address enough to write tolerably well in a hackney-coach at full speed:—Agitated as we are in this vehicle by every wrinkle of the sea, you must not wonder if you find my sentiments, as well as diction and writing, the emblems of the ocean we are traversing; sometimes rough, uneven, and unconnected; sometimes smooth and equal; sometimes blustering; at others, calmly stupid; and possibly, but I hope not often, very solemn, profoundly deep, and dismal.

I intend

I intend this epistle as a new kind of journal, and have some thoughts of printing and publishing it, under the following title; "The Journal of a Voyage from  
 " the Ganges in the Syren *Bean-Shell*; containing a variety of strange adventures,  
 " with reflections moral and entertaining."

As to the latter parts of the title, no matter how little it corresponds with what is within; authors, from time immemorial, have had a right to all advantages from a title-page; nor are they, any more than other traders, under an obligation that their wares within should bear the least strict analogy to the samples or sign exhibited to public view. If you think the publication will answer any good purpose,  
 you



you must return my letter *per next post*, for I keep no Copy.—But now for my journal, without further preface.

On the 2d of February 1757, we took our departure from Fort William, on the *sacred* river Ganges:—Now I think I hear you say, What does the precise mortal mean, do not I know that as well as he? Avast a bit, (remember I am *now* a sailor) not so fast, if you please, Madam—you *did* know it, I confess, but it is a great while ago; and by the time this reaches you, perhaps some eighteen months hence, you may *possibly* have lost the remembrance of such an incident having existed; I say possibly, but I hope *not probably*; be this

as

as it may, it is best in all cases to guard against what *may be*. And thus having set out with all needful precaution, we proceed to say, we arrived on board the Syren the next morning, and this with no small difficulty I assure you; for we found this our egg-shell crammed so full, she could hardly take us in, although it is an obvious truth, that neither Captain King, or myself, occupy much space.

From the time we came on board, until we parted with our pilot, all hands had enough to do, in clearing away, to make room in the cabin and upon deck; and I was employed in writing some additional instructions to my attornies, and letters to the

the few friends I left behind me, which I verily believe amount to three or four at least, which, let me tell you, are probably more than commonly fall to the lot of any individual; in these I had *a fund of riches*, out of the gripe of the *rapacious Soubah*, the wantonly wicked and ill-advised Sourajud Dowlah.

You will please to remember, Madam, that you had an epistle from me *by the pilot*; and if you did not immediately pin up a curl with it, or give it to decorate or enlarge the end of a candle, or so, by turning to it, you will observe, he left us the 6th of February in the morning; his mortifying curst visage proved a constant trial  
of



of my patience and philosophy, during the time he was on board; and most glad I was, when he turned his back upon us; at which you will not wonder, when I inform you he was the pilot of the Diligence Snow, which (without any real cause for apprehension) he like a poltroon and villain run ashore opposite Tanah's Fort, and deserted; leaving her; and her contents, a prey to the Moors, in place of conveying her to our fleet, and the remnant of the colony, congregated at Fultah; on that vessel, you know, were embarked the remains of my fortune, which had escaped the *general wreck* at Calcutta, besides my most valuable Gentoo and Persian manuscripts; as also all my natural and artificial

cial curiosities, which I had been collecting for the space of twenty years at much cost and labour; likewise all my books of accounts, bonds, obligations, &c. &c. all, all, became in an unlucky hour the sport of unfeeling savages.

You, and the rest of my friends, often urged to me the many hazards I should run, and the inconveniencies I should suffer, by embarking on this epitome of a ship: this I was no less sensible of than yourselves; but the restoration of my health and peace, to say nothing of many other considerations no less interesting, determined me; the obvious danger attending never gave me two minutes anxiety; you

<sup>as</sup>  
were

<sup>as</sup>  
~~was~~ no stranger to the state of mind which  
 had long held possession of me; sedately,  
 and without chagrin, I may say, I was  
 truly *sick of life*; I had tasted, in their full  
 extent, all *its sweets and bitters*, and found  
 the *latter* preponderate in an eminent de-  
 gree; and although I never thought we  
 had a right, rashly to injure, or shake it  
 off, yet, by a train of cool reflection, it was  
 become a matter of much indifference, and  
 I cared not whether I sunk or swam.  
 Whilst we are thus oddly compounded of  
*instincts*, or *passions*, with reason and reli-  
 gion to keep up one perpetual warfare  
 against them, it must be confessed, we are  
 in a strange kind of a motley state of ex-  
 istence; but here we are placed *for a time*,  
 and



and it is our duty to submit to the *general* laws of Providence, which has destined to each *his lot*, and it depends on us *alone* to make the *best* of it. But, by a strange and unaccountable perversion, we commonly make the *worst* of it, and most industriously so contrive it, that each succeeding day only brings a *succession* of our cares and sorrows. Very *solemn, deep, and dismal*, methinks I hear you cry out: not so; I never found myself more inclined to be on the allegro strain. A man may make the circumstance of *life*, or *death*, a matter of indifference, without being out of humour with his existence, or neglecting the duties annexed to it. It was the consideration of these relative duties, which determined

determined me at all events to undertake this hazardous voyage; I was raised from the dead, *in the night of horrors—on shore!* why should I not equally escape the *perils and dangers of the sea?* That we shall have plenty of them to encounter, is most obvious to us already; the grounds we have for these apprehensions shall be laid before you, when I have done with the seaman's accounts of the vessel's way, which are intended only for your husband's perusal and cogitation.

WEDNESDAY, 16 February, 1757.

Course S. 2° E. distance 72 miles.

Lat. per observation 11° 18' N.

— per account — 10 54.

Longitude made — 1 11 E.

N. Distance — 1 06

From POINT PALMIRAS.

*Throughout the whole of the Journal for  
N.D. read M.D. Meridian Distance*

The adjusting various matters of business prevented my beginning my letter until the above date, when we found ourselves pretty well able to judge what the vessel would perform through the Bay of Bengal; on which the expedition of the voyage very much depended.—Smith, the head pilot, assured Captain Jones, and your husband, that the Syren was *stiff enough*, for which the dog ought to have been keel-hawled at least, if not hanged; as he knew the contrary, and by concealing her qualities, risked the loss of our passage, to the infinite detriment of the Company. You may recollect, I averred it was impossible she could be a *stiff* vessel, by the observations I made on her in our

B

cruise



cruize to Balasore: had her *real* qualities been *discovered*, she would have appeared as proper for a voyage to the moon, as for an *expedition* packet: a vessel more crank, I believe, never went to sea; on a *wind*, she will hardly bear any sail, without running herself under water; and if it *blows*, she goes more to *leeward* than a head. Our gunner, who sailed in her under Smith, confesses that when it blew a *cap full of wind* in Balasore road, she could never carry her main-sail, (the sail on which is our chief dependance) but that the word was always—*up main-sail—down square-sail*. Some vessels are crank, and presently fall down to their *bearings*, and go no farther; the devil of any bearing

*bearing* has the Syren; for if she goes five knots an hour, almost half her lee-deck is under water, before we can get her main-sail up, to right her; in fact, we ought all to have been *web-footed*, who sail in her. Her heavy mast 88 feet in length, and 1 foot 8 inches in diameter, and the heavy rigging to sustain it, with her cumbersome weighty boom 58 feet in length, and a confounded stick for a spare-mast, 56 feet in length, and 1 foot 4 inches in diameter, all contribute to the increase of her natural failings; and to crown the whole, we find her upper-works extremely weak, and several hands short of our compliment, and of those we have, not three amongst them, prove *able* seamen.

Well, my friend, how do you like us now? I think if you could take a peep, or a bird's-eye view down upon us, you would not envy, or wish to be a partaker of our present enjoyments, or future prospects. But hold:—let me be just; and as I have delineated the Syren's *bad* qualities, *equity* gives me a jog on the elbow, and says, do not sink her *good ones*. Equity I obey, as I trust I ever shall.

It must be confessed the Syren goes well in *smooth* water, and with a *large* wind; for we have wronged fix sail since the pilot left us, and amongst them the two homeward-bound Dutch East-Indiamen, which sailed about a week before

us;



us; the Commodore fired a gun to speak with us, but we begged to be excused.

Now you have the *pro* and *con* of the question, whether we shall sink, or swim; save our passage, or lose it. To beat round the cape of *bad-hope*, with the Syren's qualities, is not to be attempted; therefore should it blow, we shall have nothing for it, but *laying her to*, and letting her *float* round as well as she can. Here I have a choice opening to throw out a few *moral reflections*, without lugging them in by the head and shoulders, as some authors do; for we must not totally forget the contents of our *intended* title-page.

Every thing, which in the course of this our transitory system, becomes the object of our hope and expectation, bears two very different faces and complexions; *the one* fair and flattering; *the other*, foul, doubtful, and boding; amidst the *uncertainty* of all events, *the Being*, who does not lay it down as an indispensable principle, to adopt the *fair* and *promising* side, is deficient in the duty he owes to himself, and to his own internal peace. To hope for *the best*, without placing any absolute dependence upon it,—that should prevent us guarding against *the worst*, shall ever be my invariable maxim; the late scenes I have passed through, justify my adoption. If you want further proof, apply

to

to that great philosopher and orator, Paul of Tarsus; who tells us, *tribulation* worketh *patience*; *patience*, *experience*; and *experience*, *hope*; and as hope is of the feminine gender, I am resolved to stick close to her, and follow her to the end of the chapter: In consequence I will still *hope* (maugre the appearances which are against us) that we shall yet have a prosperous passage.

*February* the 21<sup>st</sup>, 1757, MONDAY.

Lat. per observ. - - 5° 45' N.

—— per account - 5 41.

Lon. made - - - - 1 12 E.

N. D. - - - - - 1 7

From POINT PALMIRAS.

B 4

Since



Since my last of the 16th, nothing very remarkable has occurred; weather and winds have been as usual, sometimes fair, sometimes foul, squally, with thunder, lightning, rain, &c. which five or six articles, with the changes rung upon them, compose that agreeable variety always to be found in the entertaining journal of a ship's way. At five this morning our cat kittened, a lucky incident, as our goat's milk begins to dry up. Tumbled and tossed about as we have been for some days past, I could not bring my mind to settle to any thing serious; so I will treat you with a specimen of my poetry in a Jack Tar's song, intended as a short historical record, of the retaking of our settlements,

ments, by the gallant and noble-minded  
Admiral Watson.

To the old Tune of *To you, Fair Ladies, &c.*

I.

From where the Ganges rolls along,

We now our loves do send ;

To all to whom they may belong,

Our Sweet-heart, or our friend ;

Hoping these lines will find you well,

Tho' we're still doom'd to sweat in hell.

*With a fal, fal, fal, &c.*

II.

To save our country's name and fame,

And to revenge its wrong,

From Fort St. George we hither came

With hearts all bold and strong ;

For when brave *Watson* leads the way,

What British tar can feel dismay ?

*With a fal, &c.*

III. In

III.

In spite of sands, or shoals, or walls,  
 He fearless still goes on;  
 For where his country's honour calls,  
 He fears for that alone:  
 Britannia's genius swells his sails,  
 And aids his zeal with prosp'rous gales.

*With a fal, &c.*

IV.

The signal made, with joy we weigh  
 From Fulta,\* and advance  
 Towards the Fort of Buzbudgia,  
 From whence we made them prance;†  
 Our thundering guns the Moors surprize,  
 They thought such fire came from the skies.

*With a fal, &c.*

V.

Then next to Tannah's Fort we steer'd,  
 From whence the daffards fled;

\* A Dutch Settlement on the Ganges.

† The Subah's detachment there was Cavalry.

And



And swore old Ganges ne'er had heard  
Such thunder o'er his head;  
We from Calcutta drove the Moors,  
And made them fly like sons of whores.

*With a fal, &c.*

VI.

To Hougly next we bent our course,  
The Nabob to chastise,  
And bravely dar'd his utmost force,  
Bright honour was the prize;  
We storm'd the fort, destroy'd the town,  
And made their walls come tumbling down.

*With a fal, &c.*

VII.

Whilst we still fry in horrid zone,  
Our country's wrongs to right;  
Do you our brother tars at home,  
Exert your usual might;  
To quell Monsieur's aspiring aim,  
And raise aloft old England's fame.

*With a fal, fal, fal, &c.*

I flatter

I flatter myself, your indulgence and public spirit will shew *mercy* to the poet and the poetry, for the sake of *the subject*.

MONDAY, *February 28, 1757.*

Course S.  $11^{\circ}$  E. distance 79 miles.

Lat. per obs. - - - - -  $0^{\circ} 47'$  S.

— per account - - - - - 0 44

Lon. made - - - - - 1 18 E.

N. D. - - - - - 1 13

FROM POINT PALMIRAS.

From the above, you observe, I have the pleasure of saluting you in 47 minutes of south latitude; the former part of the last seven days, thunder, lightning, and heavy rain;—hard rain, lightning and thunder, with squalls; the latter part  
pleasant

pleasant gales, and fair weather; pleasant breezes, light airs, &c. in which I think I have exhausted the seaman's whole vocabulary, until we come to hard gales, stormy, &c. In the night we past the equinoctial with an *unusual* pleasant gale; but we have the mortification of knowing we have been robbed of one-third of our distance, from the pilot's leaving us to the line, by cruel and hard-hearted currents setting to the northward at the rate of from 15, 20, 30, and sometimes to 40 miles in the 24 hours; three weeks to the line, poor doings indeed, when we ought to have by this time hold of the southeast trade; and which we should with ease have accomplished with a vessel

under



under foot that could bear sail, and went  
any thing *upon a wind*.

For some days I have been employed  
at times in drawing up a narrative of that  
fatal and dismal night of the 20th of  
June 1756, and an account of my subse-  
quent trip to and residence at Morchada-  
bad, addressed to my friend Mr. William  
Davis; it is my present intention to pub-  
lish it; but if I should not, you shall be  
supplied with a copy. The revival of the  
subject has cast a gloom over my thoughts;  
It may appear odd, but I most solemnly  
declare, that oftentimes my soul has suf-  
fered greater affliction, from a retrospect,  
and reflections on that unparalleled scene  
of

of woe, than the horrors of the night itself produced; for amidst the shocking confusion which reigned around me in every quarter, I possessed a degree of fortitude, calmness, and serenity of mind and sentiment, which I have never enjoyed since, and probably never shall again: whether this tranquil state proceeded from absolute despair, on a mental survey of the dire scene before me; or from a consciousness of the rectitude of my conduct, in my *public capacity*; during the *preceding* struggles and conflicts we had to encounter and combat with, I will not say; possibly partly *the one*, partly *the other*. A truce to *the dismal*.

WEDNESDAY,

WEDNESDAY, *March 9, 1757.*

Course S. 61 E. distance 41 miles.

Lat. per observation  $7^{\circ} 12' S.$

— per account —  $7^{\circ} 52'$

Longitude made —  $2^{\circ} 46' E.$

N. D. — —  $2^{\circ} 41'$

From POINT PALMIRAS.—N. of acc<sup>t</sup> 40 miles.

From my last of the 28th ult. I have not been able to put pen to paper; the weather, with hardly any intermission, has been exceeding foul and disagreeable, with a large confused sea, and riplings, which broke like shoals, with squalls, heavy and frequent; so that in a manner we have been mostly under water. The Syren proves a more lively sea-boat than we had any reason to expect, when she is not pressed



pressed down with sail; the altering *her trim* to, by bringing her more by the head, has been of good service, for until this was done, she went as much upon her broad-side as a-head.

This weather, from some cause or other which we cannot account for, has brought on an epidemic disease and mortality amongst our ducks, ten only remaining. One would think our duck doctor had taken his diploma from the college, by the havock he has made amongst them. We are still perplexed with a current, which sets us to the northward every day more than one-third of our run.

C

SUNDAY,

SUNDAY, *March* 13, 1757.

Courſe S. 17° W. diſtance 16 miles.

Lat. per obſ. - - - - - 8° 3' S.

— per account - - - - - 8 3

Lon. made - - - - - 3 3 E.

N. D. - - - - - 2 58

FROM POINT PALMIRAS.

From the above *your captain* will obſerve, that ſince my laſt we have hardly got any thing to the ſouthward; having had only light, trifling airs, and calms; with a ſtill perplexing and cruel current, ſetting to the northward from 8 fathom to ſometimes 2 knots an hour. This day we ſhipped our 20 oars, and worked at them the greateſt part of the day, but the ſwell was ſo great they proved of little uſe; however,

however, I believe they pushed her a-head  
a knot an hour, and in *smooth water*,  
would, I dare say, push her on above 50  
miles in 24 hours.

You have often heard me say, that I  
esteemed my ear and taste for musick and  
harmony, an unlucky appendage to *my*  
*being*. Of all the unharmonious sounds  
which ever assailed my ears, whether a  
concert of cat-calls, or catter-wauling,  
marrow-bones and cleavers, gridiron and  
tongs, grinding of knives, scratching a  
china plate, filing a saw, screeching of  
owls, croaking of toads, or any other  
discord dire and horrid! which nature  
may have in store, there is nothing equally



dismal and tormenting, as the *flapping of a ship's sails* in a calm, rainy, and dark night; no, not even the croaking voice of that queer toad Madam Scavichaaven, who shocked us one night at the factory with *God shave great Jorje &c.*

FRIDAY, *March* 18, 1757.

Course S. 52 W. distance 104 miles.

Lat. per observation  $11^{\circ} 32' S.$

— per account — 11 22

Longitude made —  $0^{\circ} 34' W.$

N. D. — —  $0^{\circ} 38'$

From POINT PALMIRAS.—S. of acc<sup>t</sup> 10 miles.

With no small joy, we have found a current for the last 24 hours 10 miles in our favour; thus you see we go on *fair*  
and

and *softly*; and fair and softly *goes far*, as the proverb says, and we have far to go; so it is all very well; "what *is*, is *right*." If any man breathing has more cause than another, to adopt and appropriate this useful and *noble principle*, it is *myself*; nor shall any event in life prevail on me to relinquish it; let the axiom belong to whomsoever it will, it is a most comfortable one; and gives that just plaudit to the *general laws* of Providence, constructed by *that Being*, who cannot *will* any thing *that is wrong*. We are now gasping and gaping for the southeast trade.

TUESDAY, *March 22*, 1757.

Course S. 48 W. Distance 156 miles.

Lat. per observ. - 15° 25' S.

Lat.

Lat. per account -  $15^{\circ} 43'$

Lon. made - - - - 5 54 W.

N. D. - - - - - 5 48

From POINT PALMIRAS.

Variation per amplitude  $3^{\circ} 29'$  W.—To the northward of account 18 miles, imputed to an error in the course and distance.

Congratulate us on the southeast trade being confirmed to us this day; and as our present track will for some time carry a good deal of similarity in it, I will devote a few paragraphs to other matters, and tell you how we dispose of time and ourselves. The *public* I fear would not find much entertainment in these subjects; but to *our friends*, every, the smallest matters, will appear interesting.

In



In my letter by the pilot I informed you of the agreeable prospect I set out with, respecting the companions of my voyage; and hitherto I have not, nor shall not, if I have any judgment, have cause to alter my sentiments.

When I was a school-boy I remember one of my writing copies was, "Too much familiarity breeds contempt." And it is a truth, that nothing more frequently and certainly proves the bane of genteel society; and therefore most cautiously should be avoided; and yet there is no error more commonly fallen into, to the utter destruction of all polite intercourse and conversation. These seem to be the  
sentiments

sentiments of my companions, and hence it is, that our time has past agreeably, and with uninterrupted harmony and good-humour.

The detail of *one day's* operations will give you a tolerable idea of every succeeding one. I am generally up some time before my two captains, and either read or *walk* until we meet at breakfast; I see you smile at the word *walk*, but I will assure you, we have a clear space upon deck of *seven* good paces, and the same upon our quarter-deck or poop, (which you please) which exceeds a fisherman's common walk by at least four paces; therefore, pray Madam, no *sneering* at our *parades* or *perambulations*.

The gentlemen insisted on my presiding at the table, and being caterer, as having been the oldest house-keeper. Capt. King is superintendant of the breakfast table, and Capt. Jones comptroller of the afternoon tea-table; and no one is suffered to interfere with the office or trust of the other, without a humorous rebuke or censure, being most tenacious of our dignity and authority in these our several posts of trust; and whoever is deficient in his duty, and has not breakfast precisely at eight, dinner at twelve, and tea at four, leads but a weary life for the time from the other two.

From breakfast to *observing* time, is the space for reading or writing; we generally  
fit



fit an hour after dinner; and I either read or lounge away the afternoon, whilst my captains are taking the log, working their day's work, and pricking off our run; from tea until sunset we travel about; and two or three nights in the week Captain King and myself practise on Corelli, Handel, &c. and Captain Jones plays audience, although he has no more ear for musick than a capstan bar.

We eat no supper but on *Saturday nights*, when we have always a concert, vocal and instrumental, and pour out libations to our friends; on other nights we retire into (what I have nominated the withdrawing-room) the stern sheets  
of

of our yawl, and chat until ten, when we retire to rest.

Choice of books is our great want; but here again, *what is, is right*; for I am not displeased at being under a sort of necessity of going through a regular perusal of what is called *our Scriptures*, which I have long wished for leisure to accomplish.

I consider and study what is termed the *Old Testament*, as curious specimens of ancient history, sublime stile, and profound political legislation; with which, *as Christians*, we certainly have no business; and yet they are indiscriminately put into the  
hands

hands of *children* and *youth*, as part of the divine Christian system; although a multitude of passages in Moses's *history*, *laws*, and *institutions*, cannot be perused even by *adults*, without raising a blush. Proper extracts might be made from the Old and New Testament to instruct and instil religion and virtue into the minds of children and youth, according with their several gradations of age and understanding; but the body of the Scriptures should be withheld from them, *like their estates*, until they arrive at years of discretion, or at age; and then possibly they would value *the one*, as much as they generally do *the other*.

A being



A being who goes through a long sea travail, without charge or trust, to engage his time and attention, and does not in the course of it improve his mind and understanding, must be a very idle being indeed! and will justly incur the Poet's censure; "in spite of sacred leisure, block-head still."

TUESDAY, *March 29, 1757.*

Course S. 71 W. Distance 159 miles.

Lat. per Obs. - - - 23° 03' S.

— per account - 22 41

Lon. made - - - 24 52 W.

N. D. - - - - - 23 39

From POINT PALMIRAS

P. M. Var. per Azimuth 10° 40' W. To the southward of account 22 miles, imputed to an error in the course.

We

We have hitherto had a pleasant trade, and the Syren has behaved herself mighty well, running generally  $8\frac{1}{2}$  knots an hour, and sometimes we have had 9 knots and some odd fathoms upon our log-board; but "our dawn was overcast," by a discovery we made yesterday of a defect in one of our pumps, finding the copper-chamber worn quite through in its whole length; by the help of tarred canvas it was repaired, refixed in its place, and found to work very well; a comfortable circumstance, being so leaky, by the weakness of our upper-works, that in the most moderate gale we are obliged to pump every four hours.

FRIDAY,

FRIDAY, *April 1*, 1757.

Course S. 68 W. Distance 113 miles.

Lat. per Obs. - - - - 25° 12' S.

— per account - - - 24 59

Lon. made - - - - 32 20 W.

N. D. - - - - 30 28

FROM POINT PALMIRAS.

P. M. Variation per Azimuth 16° 12' W.

A. M. 16° 44' W. To the southward of acc<sup>t</sup>  
13 miles, imputed to an error in the course.

Being now in the latitude of St. John de Lisboa, we are keeping a good look-out for it, although we imagine ourselves to the eastward of it:—Here the southeast trade has given us the slip. From the 22d of March we have run 1800 miles, so you see, as before observed, the Syren does her duty



duty well in smooth water, and a large wind; the 30th ult. we made a sail at day-break, on our larboard bow; at sunset we brought her a-breast of us, distant 3 leagues; and yesterday at break of day, just saw her astern from our mast-head, distant about 6 or 7 leagues; we judged her to be one of the homeward Dutch East-Indiamen mentioned before; so that we have wronged her (as the sailor's phrase is) 10 leagues at least in the twenty-four hours, in a gale of at most 7 knots an hour.

Here I was going to lay down my pen; but recollecting we are now approaching the south end of the island of Madagascar, a place

a place in general pregnant with spirited winds, and dirty weather, during which I may possibly for some time be disabled from writing, the more especially as the equinoctial moon is at hand; I will enjoy the present opportunity, and chat with you a little longer; my messmates being engaged in their daily avocations.

Amongst all the miscellaneous jumble I have given you, I have not once touched on the subject of my health; which in fact I deem a breach of duty, not only as I consider you in the light of a sincere friend, but as my kind and good nurse; for I shall ever think I owe my remains of life and recovery at Ballasore, entirely

D

to

to the humanity and assiduous care you exerted on that occasion, although thereby you prolonged to me a system of cares, troubles, and anxieties only. The pleasing calm, in which I flattered myself I should pass through life, was for some time fled away, and vanished, I supposed for ever; health is the only relative wish I have, when life becomes the subject of my thoughts; and I depend it is not criminal to hope the *latter* will not be prolonged, when deprived of the *former*.

I flatter myself, it will afford you some pleasure to know, that before we reached *the Line*, I was sensible of a general alteration for the better in my health; my

nervous



nervous system, which was injured to a degree much beyond what I ever plagued my friends with, is most surprisingly restored; I have recovered my eye-sight to its usual perfection; the debility of which gave me many an irksome reflection, as I *almost* despaired of ever recovering it; I never gave up my motto HOPE, but *once* in my life, and then I was wrong.

Amongst other amusements these fine moon-shine nights, I retire to the drawing-room, and pipe to *my flock*, who occupy all the rest of the boat; and it hurts me not a little, when I am reduced, as *caterer*, to the necessity of lessening their number; all our live stock being under my jurisdiction.

This is also the place of contemplation. When we are once prevailed on to look into ourselves, we shall never be at a loss for a subject.

When I look round my little farm-yard, and contemplate my sheep, my pigs, my geese, &c. a *figh* escapes me in spite of all my philosophy and resignation; which I believe were never exceeded by any mortal under the like severe trials. That the pleasing scenes of rural retirement, which I had so lately planned for the remainder of my life, in the bosom of my native land, should be snatched from me in so sudden and unforeseen a manner,—just when I was felicitating myself

myself in the prospect of my ceasing to be an actor in public busy life, and being a calm independent spectator *only*—just then, I say, to have the whole vanish like a dream, and leave in its place, meagre *want*, anxious *cares*, and irksome *dependence*—but hush—‘What is, is best.’ And yet

“ ’Tis hard,—but patience must endure,  
And soothe those ills it cannot cure.”

April the 14th.—Hey-day! methinks I hear you cry out,—What, one flight from the 1st to the 14th?—It is very true, and such a flight as I never wish to take again. My fortitude has been tried to the utmost, I assure you *en verité*; as a landman, I may possibly be supposed to exaggerate



matters; therefore the idea you will receive of the various buffetings we have had to encounter, during the last thirteen days, shall be from occasional transcripts from the Captain's journal.

SATURDAY, *April 2, 1757.*

Course S. 73 W. Distance 83 miles.

Lat. per account - - 25° 36' S.

Lon. made - - - - 33 47 W.

N. D. - - - - - 31 47

FROM POINT PALMIRAS

Variation per Amplitude 18° 40' W.

“ The first part fair weather, the middle cloudy, and light squalls; about 2 A. M. the wind shifted to the southward, and continued moderate until 8, when it threatened

threatened a gale;—got down the topfail and cross-jack yards, got in the spritsail and sprit-topfail yards. At 11 the sea was so high we were obliged to *lay to*, up S.W. off W. by S. and before noon shipp'd several large seas." The weather still continuing to look most formidable.

SUNDAY, *April 3, 1757.*

Course S. 34 W. Distance 76 miles.

Lat. per observ. - 26° 27' S.

— per account - 25° 24'

Lon. made - - - - 34 33 W.

N. D. - - - - - 32 29

From POINT PALMIRAS.

"The first and middle parts the gale continued very hard, and the sea ran very high,

high, making many breaches over us. Towards day-light, the wind and sea abated, the former coming more easterly, so that by six o'clock we made sail, the sea still running high and confused. About half past eleven the vessel took four or five such rolls, that we expected the mast going over the side. Since my last observation am to the southward of account 63 miles, which I impute to a current."—And thus we kept plunging on at a noble rate, stealing sail upon the vessel by degrees, as they found she could bear it, until the 9th inclusive, when we had 170 miles on the log from that day's run; the winds continuing generally between the south and the east, but most easterly,

the



the seas running very high indeed, and, as the Captain expresses it in his remarks of the 5th, "so frequently boarded us, that it was hard to determine whether we were more under them or over them."—The next piece of this our delectable history take also from the Captain's journal.

SUNDAY, *April* 10, 1757.

Course S. 39 W. Distance 92 miles.

Lat. per Obs. - - - - 32° 42' S.

— per account - - - 32 31

Lon. made - - - - - 55 51 W.

N. D. - - - - - 50 24

FROM POINT PALMIRAS.

To the southward of account 11 miles, imputed to a current.

" From

“From noon yesterday the weather looked very wild and threatening, and we expected the wind would come to the westward, but it veered no further than N.N.E. before it vented its first fury. At half past 8 P.M. there came on one of the most terrible storms of thunder, lightning, wind, and rain, that ever I was in; from that time we kept her right before it, under our bare poles, having nothing set when the storm came on but the square-sail and main jib, which we got stowed as soon as possible. At 10 laid to, up W.N.W. off W.S.W. under a reefed foresail—the storm continued to blow until this day at noon, when it abated something—the sea was up almost  
as

as soon as the wind, and made a breach over us without ceasing, the whole night. The vessel laboured very much, but behaved as well, and proved as lively, as any vessel possibly could in such a storm and sea."—The old saw declares, that every one should praise the bridge he goes safely over; now I do solemnly *declare*, that if the Syren *outlives* the voyage, she shall fit for her picture in the above storm, on her arrival; if she goes to the bottom, she will take the *will* for the *deed* along with her.

MONDAY, *April* 11, 1757.

Course S. 17 W. distance 43 miles.

Lat. per observation  $33^{\circ} 19' S.$

— per account —  $33^{\circ} 22'$

Longitude



Longitude made — 54 46 W.

N. D. — — — 50 12

From POINT PALMIRAS.

“Towards night less wind and sea, close reefed the mainfail, and set it; at 10 set the main jib, and not long after, it blew all out of the seams, unbent it, and set the flying jib. At day-break the gale began to freshen again, and at 10 both wind and sea increased so much at N.W. we were obliged to haul down the mainfail, and lay the vessel to under a new main-jib, bent abaft the mast, the weather continuing to look wild and threatening, and the sea making a passage over us as before.”

TUESDAY,

TUESDAY, *April* 12, 1757.

Course S. 70° E. distance 30 miles.

Lat. per obs. - - - - 33° 30' S.

— per account - - - 33 31

Lon. made -- - - - 54 12 W.

N. D. - - - - - 49 54

From POINT PALMIRAS.

“ From noon yesterday until 6 P.M. the gale rather increased, then it lulled and proved moderate until midnight, at which time it freshened to a hard gale, and continued so until 9 A.M. when it came quite moderate. About one o'clock in the afternoon the vessel shipped two of the largest seas that ever I remember to have seen enter any vessel, and took several pitches that were really dreadful, from all  
which

which she recovered herself much beyond our expectation."

THURSDAY, *April 14*, 1757.

Course N. 49 W. distance 22 miles.

Lat. per Obser. - - -  $32^{\circ} 44'$  S.

— per account - - - 32 45

Lon. made - - - 55 49 W.

N. D. - - - - - 50 15

From POINT PALMIRAS.

From the 12th to the 14th the weather has been moderate, but the swell so large and mountainous, that it has been with no small difficulty I have been able to write; the sun is now setting, and the sky looks wild and threatening; as for reflections *moral* and *entertaining*, as set forth  
in



in my *title-page*, I must postpone them, until I can finger my pen with more ease; I shall only add, that we have long given up the hopes of a *short* passage, and have only to flatter ourselves with a *safe* one; which, between you and I, requires no small portion of *faith*, as will appear from some particulars which shall be delineated in my next dispatch; but I find myself well prepared for *the worst*, and will still hope *the best*.

MONDAY, *April* 18, 1757.

Course S. 45 E. distance 34 miles.

Lat. per Obser. - - 33° 43' S.

— per account - - 33 48

Lon. made - - - 57 16 W.

N.D. - - - - 52 19

FROM POINT PALMIRAS.

Could

Could you possibly have a peep at the figure of the ship's track, as pricked off on our charts for some days past, you would assuredly think we had been inventing a new and whimsical country-dance, between the cardinal points, to the tune of "*Now ponder well*," or any other ditty equally *dismal*. *Variety*, they say, is *charming*, it may be so, in some cases; but I invoke the great and little Gods to defend us from the entertainment of *that kind*, with which we have been lately treated. We have had since the 14th *various* winds, from hard gales to severe squalls, violent thunder and lightning, and extreme heavy rains; the winds variable from E. to E.N.E. to N.E. and from  
thence

thence to N.W. from which quarter it has been violent and lasting; with the sea so high, and so much too powerful for our poor vessel, that we have nothing for it, but laying her mostly *to*. In that situation, under a reefed forefail hoisted abaft the mast, I now write. As the sea is something lowered, she lies *to*, particularly easy; before, she was laid *to* under a close reefed mainfail, until it was blown out of the seams and bolt-rope. The moon changing to-day, and the wind veering to the S.W. gives us hopes it will come round more southwardly and eastwardly. All our hopes are now for a fair wind; with a foul one, we shall never get round the Cape; the Syren proves so crank, she

E                      cannot



cannot bear her main-sail; and without it, she cannot get a-head against these seas upon a wind; when a stiff ship would make now a tolerable way. An additional heavy misfortune attends us, of having one-third of our people not able to keep the deck. On the whole, I shall not be at all surprized, if the Delawar arrives in England before us, supposing she was dispatched a month after us, and does not wait for convoy at St. Helena.

It was alledged as an argument against converting the Syren into a schooner, that the Porto-Bello sloop made her passage round the Cape, not adverting that she was dispatched two months earlier, and rounded

rounded it in the midst of Summer, whereas we round it in the most unfavourable and dangerous month in the year. The 19th, the sea being down and tolerably quiet, and jogging on at the rate of three knots an hour, to the westward, I have an opportunity of reaping a *beard* almost as long as that I exhibited when on my *travels* to Morchadabad.

For many days past we have been incessantly under water, and our cabin afloat, being afraid of shutting the doors; apprehensive of our dead lights being forced in by a stern sea, or, in the seaman's language, of *being pooped*.

TUESDAY, *April* 19, 1757.

Courfe S.  $76^{\circ}$  W. distance 44 miles.

Lat. per obs. - - - -  $33^{\circ} 32'$  S.

— per account - - - 33 35

Lon. made -- - - - 58 8 W.

N. D. - - - - - 53 2

FROM POINT PALMIRAS.

Some westing gained, but southing lost. This day, for the first time since the bad weather, we sat down again in decent order to dinner; and I have passed two pleasant hours in the *drawing-room*, until tea-time. The cold in this latitude is now most intense, the wind N.W. The 16th, we saw several beautiful butterflies, and hornets flying about us, blown off from the African coast, although at this time

we



we judge ourselves at least sixty leagues from the nearest land, and 300 leagues from the Cape; but how far we are to the westward, is in fact all guess work, as we have had neither azimuth nor amplitude to depend on, for a great while past; the sun either hiding his face morning and evening, or the vessel so agitated, as to render it impossible to have a fair sight of him. We are lucky enough in being sure of our latitude, having had generally a good *observation* at noon.

For many days we have been hovering in the latitude of the rock on which the Doddington was lost, and where Captain Jones, (who was chief officer of her)

passed seven wretched months; the remembrance of which, I often observe, throws a gloom over his countenance; and no wonder, as his escape was most miraculous, and his sufferings great indeed! We sometimes profit by the misfortunes of others; for I confess I sleep in more tranquillity, for the above unhappy event, as whilst we are standing in for the land, Jones keeps a *special look-out*. Captain King shapes our *course*, and Captain Jones navigates the vessel. I believe I never hinted to you, that we are absolutely forbid touching any where, until we arrive in some English port. Had Jones's advice been regarded, the Doddington had been saved; they had had no observation for some days.

days. Captain Sampson ordered to bear away at *six in the evening*; Jones intreated he would not bear away until *midnight*; Sampson was obstinate, and persisted in his order; the consequence proved fatal.

During our late hard weather we lost two hogs, two goats, a sucking pig, and a number of our poultry; (only 10 fowls left) the most of them in fact drowned, or bruised to death, and our goat lost her milk. All heavy strokes of woe, to people circumstanced as we are at present! but our greatest misfortune is the weakness of *our crew*, which obliges us to proceed in carrying sail, not as the vessel can bear, but in proportion to the hands we have  
to



to manage her. Nothing to amuse, but the gambols of our *two kittens*, who are at a high game of romps, as *far aft* as they can in the cabin, which *prognosticates* a fair gale from that quarter.

WEDNESDAY, *April 20*, 1757.

Course S. 28 W. Distance 63 miles.

Lat. per Obs. - - - - 34° 28' S.

— per account - - - - 34 7

Lon. made - - - - - 58 44 W.

N. D. - - - - - 53 32

From POINT PALMIRAS.

The most part of these 24 hours little wind and fair weather, with an irregular confused sea. So few hands able to keep the deck, we could not get the topfail  
yard

yard across in less than four hours and a half. Our variation per amplitude P. M. being  $25^{\circ} 12'$  W. confirms a suspicion that our azimuth compass is defective. To the southward of account 21 miles, which I impute to a current,"

The *cats* were right, for on waking this morning I had the pleasure of finding we had for some time enjoyed a pleasant gale at east, and the whole forenoon we had the brightest and most joyous hemisphere I ever beheld. But no joys are permanent in this changing system of ours;—*Change!* is the first and general law of nature; nothing in the universal expanse of creation continues the same for two seconds

seconds together; *by change*, every thing that has being exists or subsists, except the great Author and Cause of all.—After noon the gale increased, and veered to the northward; the sky overcast, the sea rose suddenly high and confused:—At 4 we hauled up W. and by N. for the land; at sunset, obliged to take in our top-sail and steering-sails, and keep her under square-sail and fore-sail; the wind being already north, with as black an appearance as can be, of a north-wester; with thick lightning from the western board. The sloop having *changed* her quiet position, for a troublesome tumbling one, obliges me to break off, and go to bed in a much worse humour than I rose with in the morning.



FRIDAY, *April 22*, 1757.

Courfe N. 54 E. diftance 12 miles.

Lat. per Obfer. - - 35° 36' S.

— per account - - 35 28

Lon. made - - - 60 20 W.

N. D. - - - - 54 50

FROM POINT PALMIRAS.

To the fouthward of account 10 miles, imputed to a current; and yesterday to the fouthward of account 32 miles, imputed to the fame caufe.

On the evening of the 20th the tie of the crofs-jack jeer-block broke, and the yard came down amain upon the deck, (where we were obliged to let it fleep until the morning;) at 3 in the morning the gale fo increafed, and the fea rofe fo high

high upon us, that we were obliged to lay to, for 2 or 3 hours; notwithstanding which, by noon yesterday we made a stretch of 100 miles, and find a current in our favour, the wind keeping between the N. and N.E. but it soon veered to the N.W. and blew a hurricane; before we could get in our main and flying jibs, the one was blown out of the bolt-rope, and the other into shivers; however, we brought her to again under a close-reefed mainsail, and kept her so all last night, the sea making continual breaches over us; but this morning things growing moderate, and the wind at N.E. again, we made sail, but it soon grew calm, and so continued most of the day, which gives me this opportunity of scribbling.

My risible muscles have been sometimes excited into action, by the various apostrophes thrown out from the overcharged irritable spirits of my harrassed ship-mates;—take a few of them. One roars out, ‘D—n my b—d, if we shall ever get round the Cape with these people or this vessel.’ Another, ‘It is enough to make a man mad, to be obliged to lie to thus upon every turn, when a good ship, with people that knew what they were about, would make a good hand of it.’ Then says another, ‘Od ding my buttons, (his usual oath) hard lines, very hard lines indeed; if the devil, amongst his other torments, had decreed poor Job to have rounded the Cape of Good Hope in  
the



the month of April in a crank floop ill manned, and worse fitted, he would have renounced his allegiance, and taken his wife's counfel; not a seaman on board that can be depended on, or that knows a hawk from a hand-saw; officers obliged to go aloft, and do seaman's duty.' Then our boatswain takes his turn as follows: ' Rigging bad, the country blocks rotten, no small rope on board, nothing less than  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inch cordage, which will not reeve through the blocks,—canvas bad, and sewed with rotten twine, &c.' Then comes one *general chorus*, ' If I had known as much as I do, may I be d—n'd, if I would have failed in her for a hundred guineas a month.' And yet after all, it  
must

must be confessed, that had not the Syren under every disadvantage been one of the liveliest and best sea-boats that ever swam, we should not have escaped so well as we have hitherto done, almost to a miracle.—And here a reflection occurs, which hurts my feelings much.—Had I been in *my friend Harry's post*, and he in my situation, I should most certainly have been more careful and solicitous about the manning and fitting out the vessel; for in fact, every thing about us has given way, except our mast and shrouds, and our patience; for, taking the passage altogether, nothing in nature could have made it supportable, but the same harmony subsisting we set out with, owing solely to  
the

the cause before hinted; preserving an agreeable freedom to each other, always under the check of decency and decorum, which are too frequently neglected in connections of a higher and more solemn nature. A noble Earl now living, who is an honour to his country, and to polite literature, says, “ *Love and Friendship necessarily produce and justly authorize familiarities*; but then good-breeding must mark out its bounds, and say, Thus far thou shalt go, and no farther;—for I have known many a *passion*, and many a *friendship*, weakened, degraded, and at last (if I may use the expression) wholly flattered away by an unguarded and illiberal *familiarity*.” That I may not lose the opportunity



tunity of *airing myself* before it is dark, I shall here suspend my journal, until the next favourable interval. The evening is most inviting, and the hemisphere clear and unclouded, which is something of a novelty; therefore I bid you adieu! until the next post.

SUNDAY, May 1, 1757.

Course S. 85 W. distance 72 miles.

Lat. per Obser. - - 35° 11' S.

— per account - - 35 20

Lon. made - - - 71 40 W.

N. D. - - - - 64 07

From POINT PALMIRAS.

A long stride you will say, from the 22d of April to the 1st of May! It is

F

true;

true; but you will excuse it, and *perhaps* be sorry when you know the cause. I left you to take an airing on our quarter-deck, or poop, and had walked or rather staggered about for half an hour; and as I was just going to make a turn on the forepart of the deck, the sloop took so sudden and deep a pitch, and violent roll withal, that I had no possibility of saving myself from going overboard, but by jumping into the drawing-room, *alias* the stern sheets of our boat; where, to my misfortune, there lay an old broken chair, against the frame of which I struck my right leg, and laid bare five inches of my shin-bone; for seven days I was confined to my bed, and suffered much pain

pain and anxiety, from the reason I had to apprehend the bone was *splintered*. Within this day or two I have had some ease and less apprehension, and can no longer rob myself of the pleasure of letting you know we are now with a pleasant gale at S.E. sailing by Cape Falso, with a prospect of having the Cape of Good Hope to the eastward of us by to-morrow morning, when I hope to resume the thread of my journal from the 22d ult. and picture to you *our distresses*, for the measure of them was far from being full. O my leg!

MONDAY, May the 2d, 1757.

This day my leg easier, and I have infinite pleasure in paying my compliments



to you *westward* of the Cape of Good-Hope; the Table land at sun-rise bearing E.N.E. distant about 14 leagues, enjoying a steady gale at S.E. which runs us 8 or 9 knots under our square-sail and top-sail, all we can shew to it. This gale, to the eastward of the Cape, would have laid us to, as usual. But to resume my journal, as I promised.

The 22d of April, at night, the wind returning, and keeping about N.N.E. we jogged on as well as a very large swell would let us; and the 23d at noon found ourselves in the latitude of  $35^{\circ} 32'$  S. and longitude  $62^{\circ} 2'$  W. A calm succeeded for a few hours, as if the wind was lying by

*to take breath*; for about 6 it came on with great violence between the south and southeast, ushering in one of the severest storms of thunder, lightning, and rain, ever beheld by mortal. We run before it until midnight, when it looked so dreadful and threatening, we were obliged to bring the vessel to, until 3 in the morning, when we made sail until 8 in the morning of the 24th; but the gale increasing, and the sea overpowering her, we were reduced to our usual resource of laying her to; and thus we continued all the 24th and 25th, the wind continuing the whole time at S. E. the fairest wind that could blow for us, had it not been *too much* for us; thus, you

fee, we may sometimes have *too much* of a *good thing*.

This was by much the longest and severest gale, and most dangerous seas, we had yet encountered, many of them breaking upon us half mast high; the sloop by straining grew leaky, and called for pumping *every hour*; and to crown the whole, not above four men in a watch able to stand the deck.

But now comes the stroke, which had near given the *coup de grace* to our present state of existence. I confess, for my own part, to use a seaman's phrase, I had *squared the yards* in my own mind, upon  
the



the matter, nor do I believe my messmates were far behind-hand with me;—but enough of prelude. The 24th, after midnight, we shipped a sea that stove in the quick work of our half-deck and wash-board, carried away the stantion of the half-deck, washed the chief officer out of his cot, and set us almost a swimming in the cabin, the lights in the binnacle and the cabin being extinguished at the same time. Never I believe was exhibited a scene so dismal, for the time it lasted; your own imagination must convey to you an adequate idea of our distress, words cannot do it;—surprized as we were out of a sound first sleep, in utter darkness, and the bottoms of our cots skimming the  
water

water in the cabin, and roaring of the chief officer, who thought he was washed overboard, confounded us for a moment; but reflection soon returned, and informed us, the sloop was still *above water*. It was a considerable time before we could get lights into the binnacle and cabin, but at last it was accomplished, and our apprehensions for the present subsided and, our fortitude again took the lead.

About 6 in the evening of the 25th we made sail again, the wind continuing southerly, and still a *large* sea. The 26th at noon, found ourselves in the latitude of  $35^{\circ} 24'$  S. and longitude made  $66^{\circ} 18'$  W. At six in the evening as we were solacing  
and

and comforting ourselves on the hazards we had escaped, my man Leicester entered the cabin with a face of horror, and said to me in Moors, *Burrah betteraka baat Sahib* (very bad tidings, Sir!) What's the matter, Leicester?—Three foot and a half of water in the hold, Sir! Judge of our consternation, for it was but too true; three foot and half in a hold of 7 foot only, was rather too great an allowance. Very happily for us, we were then going with a light breeze, and smooth water, or fatal, probably, would have been the consequence. All hands sick and well were instantly set to pump and bale; one pump would not work at all, and the other but indifferently; by 9 we found we gained upon her,



her, and by 11 freed her entirely, and had the pleasure of finding it was no new or extraordinary leak had been the cause, but defects in the pumps and unpardonable carelessness in the officers and carpenters. The 27th hoisted the pumps on deck and repaired them with leaden chambers, the copper ones being worn out; replaced the pumps, and find them work well. At sunrise we joyfully made the land bearing from N. by W. to N.E. distant about 13 or 14 leagues. At noon in the latitude of  $35^{\circ} 20' S.$  and longitude made  $69^{\circ} 14' W.$  In the evening we had soundings at 60 fathoms and stood in within 5 or 6 leagues of the land, and coasted it pleasantly along shore. For the

four days past, soundings generally from 60 to 45 fathoms, and find we fell in with the land at least 50 leagues to the eastward of Cape L'Aguillias. It is mortifying to pass by the salubrious refreshments of *the Cape*, but orders must be obeyed. We rounded the Cape in exactly 12 weeks from the pilot's leaving us,—a monstrous falling off from our hopes and expectations! But murmuring will not become us, after the escapes we have experienced; and I do assert, that notwithstanding the abuse the *poor Syren* has been loaded with, she will deserve a hand no less celebrated than that of Apelles to draw her picture, and transmit her *lively* virtues to posterity. *My leg* will not yet let me write in ease,

so I must change my position, and take a long pause. A would-be-wit might say, 'You don't write with your toes, my friend, do you?'

May the 3d.—In future, my friend, you will not hear from me so frequently; having much to examine and adjust relative to the publick concerns of the East-India Company, as well as to my own private affairs. I am reflecting, what a *different face* every thing now wears all around me, compared with the preceding days, before we made the land; a settled gloom sat on every countenance; and it was truly astonishing, to what a high degree idle superstition took the lead; the  
poor



poor kittens could not indulge themselves with a game at romps, without being charged with *beating up* a gale! and if their mother ventured forward in search of a rat for their breakfast, it was well if she got back again with whole bones; for a true-bred sailor would rather see the Devil, than a cat upon the rigging in a gale of wind; an inoffensive bird of any kind could not fly near the ship, that was not construed into an ill omen, and that some one or other had not an antipathy to; swearing he never saw it in his life but it betokened *a storm*, or the continuance of one; in short, I believe, nothing but a *new creation* could have pleased us at that juncture.

For

For a fortnight before we had left the Cape to the eastward of us, we found it *extremely* cold and comfortless; but already we find a manifest change in the air, as well as in every *being* on board, as well in our sheep, hogs, and geese, as in ourselves. When I look at the vessel, I cannot help repeating my astonishment to think how she has outlived the winds and seas she has had to fight with; I think we have now nothing to dread or apprehend, but her taking a trip to France; for we have no defence against any thing which may assail us.

FRIDAY, May 6, 1757.

Course N. 3 E. Distance 36 miles.

Lat. per Obs. - - - - 31° 41' S.

Lat.

Lat. per account - - -  $31^{\circ} 38'$

Lon. made - - - - -  $3^{\circ} 33' W.$

N. D. - - - - -  $2^{\circ} 59'$

From the CAPE of GOOD HOPE.

You see we have made but small way since the 1st instant; the 2d our S. E. wind left us, and we have been perplexed chiefly with calms, and the winds at N. and N. E. and those light and trifling; but we still flatter ourselves that two or three days will lead us into the S. E. trade. My leg has mended much since the 2d, and shews signs of healing; and as I have not obtruded a *moral* excursion for some time past, I am fearful you may conclude, I have entirely lost sight of the *title-page* of my journal;—not so, as you will now find.

During



During the days of our tribulation, which were many, I had an ample field open around me, for contemplation upon the absurdities, and *truly* unprofitable pursuits of mankind; for each pursuit must be unprofitable, which does not *progressively*, and *finally*, produce *present* and *future* peace. Our immediate dangers, and distresses, naturally led my reflections to the *relative* cause, COMMERCE, which I justly stigmatize as one of the great sources of evil for many centuries past, and likely to subsist so in *perpetuity*. The *spirit* of commerce, like an epidemick disease, has pervaded and possessed the inhabitants of every corner of the globe, to the general destruction of all morals.

Cicero,

Cicero, in his Offices, logically proves, that a *merchant* cannot be a strictly *honest man*; and our own Tillotson seems to have had *similar* sentiments. Take the following true genealogy, pedigree, and descent of this *mischievous idol*, who now possesses the adoration of the world. Folly on Discontent begat *Inordinate Desires*; these begat *Commerce*; commerce begat *Fraud* and *Wealth*; and these again incestuously joining, at the instigation of their parents, begat *Thirst of Conquest*, who begat *War* and *Invasion*; whose natural descendants were rapine, violence, oppression, sacrilege, battle, murder, and sudden death, &c. and these again, by a kind of regeneration, have produced afresh, *inordinate desires*,

G

with

with its malignant issue in a regular succession, who will hold their reign and influence, I fear, to the end of the chapter, as before hinted. The pleas of extending and defending *commerce*, urged by the contending powers of Europe, have destroyed more of the human species than *the deluge*. Then how must the great Creator of all look down upon *such a system*? But, in fact, we seem not much to care how he looks down upon us, *in any system*, so it conduces to our present enjoyments and *luxuries*; which constitute the *utility* and *noble* purpose of COMMERCE; against which, thus ends my just invective.

Now,



Now, after all, are we not a most ridiculous set of mortals, to fancy, that any individual of *such a race* can be entitled to the *peculiar* grace and favour of the Creator, beyond the extent of his *general* providential laws? when *even to these*, there are few amongst us who can lay any just claim. When Gulliver had closed a high eulogium on the laws and constitution of his country, &c. and was pluming himself on the expectation of as high a *plaudit* from his auditor; the Emperor of Brobdingnag coolly tells him,—

‘ I cannot but conclude (from your own  
 ‘ shewing) the bulk of your natives to be  
 ‘ the most pernicious race of little odious  
 ‘ vermin, that nature ever suffered to

‘crawl upon the surface of the earth.’

And now we return to our dog-trot journal, by which you will find, that, to our heavy mortification, we are not yet out of the wood.

May the 9th, we found ourselves in  $30^{\circ} 39'$  S. latitude, and in  $5^{\circ} 06'$  of W. longitude. On the 10th, in lat.  $29^{\circ} 04'$  S. and longitude from the Cape only  $5^{\circ} 26'$  W. We are now well convinced our azimuth compass is defective, and thereby lose a very essential guide in our longitude; and nothing remains for us, but keeping a good reckoning, and a good look-out, when we suspect ourselves near land.

We

We were in hopes that after getting the Cape well to the eastward, we should have nothing of the *dismal* to fight with, but we reckoned without our host, who soon convinced us we had a furious after-score to account for. The 8th and 9th the wind came to the N. N. W. and increasing by degrees to a *hard gale*, continuing between the N. and N. W. soon raised an *enormous sea*, obliged us to lower our yards upon deck, and lay the vessel to under a close-reef'd mainsail, most part of the 9th, and until the evening of the 10th, when the wind coming westerly, and the sea falling, we were able to get our yards overhead, and make sail again, and went cheerly on our course, the wind at W. S. W.



and at the rate of 5 and 6 knots an hour. It is the opinion of every seaman on board, that no vessel before us ever encountered such a *gale* and *such a sea* as our last, in the *same* latitude, so much to the westward of the Cape. Thus you see what lucky dogs we are.

I have sometimes reflected, that if *the doctrine* of the existence of *good* and *evil* *geniuses* in the government of sublunary transactions, have any real foundation in nature, what a tight job our good genius must have had, to keep us thus long *above water*! she must be a fine *obstinate* persevering *wench*, for most certainly our *evil genius* has pushed her, to her utmost exertions;

exertions; but hitherto she may sing victoria! Whether there is any difference of sex in these imaginary beings, is out of my power to determine, but I resolved to give our *good genius* the *feminine gender*, as being the only repository of all that is amiable and worthy.

WEDNESDAY, *May 18, 1757.*

Course N. 58 W. distance 133 miles.

Lat. per Obser. - - 16° 06' S.

— per account - - 16 10

Long. made - - - 21 39 W.

N. D. - - - - 19 37

From the Cape of Good Hope.

I have the pleasure of saluting you this day from the latitude of the island of St.

Helena,

Helena, for which we have kept a look-out at the mast-head, although we imagine ourselves two degrees to the westward of it. The 13th we found ourselves within *the tropic*, and had made  $11^{\circ} 41'$  West longitude from the Cape, enjoying the finest S.E. trade that mortals ever sailed with. The cat and kittens may now range *ad libitum*, and practise their gambols without molestation, or being cursed for *kicking up a gale*. Superstition *avaunt!* and welcome universal harmony and content. I have gone through a fresher trade, but never so delightful a one. Since the 10th to this day at noon, we have run by the log twelve hundred and fifteen miles without the wind varying more than a  
a point,



a point, or being obliged to take in a single fail. The (charming let me call her) Syren, all this while has carried her square-fail, top-fail, topgallant-fail; steering-fails starboard and larboard, aloft, and below; spritsail, and spritsail-topfail; so that at no great distance, she must appear like a large bird on wing, for her hull must be nearly *invisible*. The prohibiting our touching at St. Helena, was a curious specimen of genuine Bengal politics; it is more than probable we shall be picked up by some French privateer, for we can only *run for it*; and if the Delawar should be dispatched late in March, which I judge will be the case, the odds are two to one she does not make her passage

passage this season; and thus the Company may be deprived of knowing the *real state* of their affairs at Bengal this year. To guard against which, common sense would have charged us with a separate or duplicate letter to the Company, to be left *at*, and forwarded *from* St. Helena by some ship under *good convoy*. Rejoice with me, that I am again upon my legs, after long suffering, and apprehension of scorbutic disorders, arising from *inaction*.

SUNDAY, May 29, 1757.

Course N. 27 W. Distance 114 miles.

Lat. per Obs. - - - - 00° 00'

Lat. per account - - - 00 02 N.

Long. made - - - - - 5 59 W.

N. D. - - - - - 5 59

From the ISLAND of ASCENSION.

This day, just sixteen weeks from the pilot leaving us, I have the inexpressible felicity of greeting you from this northern hemisphere; having at noon crossed the equinoctial, I hope for the last time. My last address, I think, was under date the 18th in the latitude of St. Helena; the 24th at noon we made the Island of Ascension, distant about 8 leagues, and took a fresh departure. You will recollect that the 2d of May, we took a fresh departure from *the Cape*, and notwithstanding our being checked in our career for three or four days, soon after, we have made our passage to the line in 27 days.—*Well run, Miss Syren.*

On



On passing Ascension, my bowels yearned *most exceedingly* for a *carnal* communication with its *delicious* inhabitants; imagination pictured to me their *crawling* on the beach, and crying, *come enjoy me,—* spare me not, there's cut and come again; but alas! the pleasing vision vanished like a dream!—As *caterer*, I thought it a duty incumbent on me to *represent* that our hogs were reduced to skin and bone, and *measely* into the bargain; that mutton and goose, and goose and mutton, were all the live stock we had had to feed on for some time past; that a few meals *on turtle* would be a salutary and necessary, as well as a pleasing bit of variety; that the boat might be sent ashore to *turn* a few, and  
bring

bring them off, with very little loss of time; and that I should take special care to prevent their being capable of *telling tales*; but all my remonstrances proved fruitless. Capt. King, on whom alone permission rested, proved too conscientious, and deemed it would amount to *breach of orders*; never was construction so injurious to our common-wealth; I hated him a little heartily for 48 hours afterwards.

From the 10th instant every thing has worn a pleasing countenance; our Saturday night's concerts and carousals have again taken place; grimalkin and her kittens, Moggy and Peggy, now romp  
and

and range without controul, and have at times no small share in our *conversations*; even I can venture now and then to say— We have a *pleasant gale*, without being accused of *bunting the wind*. I believe I have before, somewhere or other, intimated, that never was old virgin more superstitious than a true-bred sailor.

All our sick people are recovered, and again upon deck; although I have had large practice, my hand has been so much out, I have not yet been able, with my utmost endeavours and skill, even to kill one man in the course of the voyage; indeed for this, I believe, the people are something obliged to their friend Doctor Gray, who  
had



had taken special care I should have but very little *ammunition*.

SUNDAY, *June 12*, 1757.

Course N. 43 W. distance 114 miles.

Lat. per obs. - - - 14° 48' N.

— per account - - - 14 44

Long. made - - - 15 19 W.

N. D. - - - 15 12

From the ISLAND of ASCENSION.

In the latitude of 6° N. we fell in with the north-east trade, but (until that period) it is hardly possible to describe to you the base weather we have had to encounter even from passing the Line; continual rains, filthy calms, enormous swells, and heavy atmospheres; our N. E. trade  
but

but scant, feldom more favourable than N. N. E. or N. E. by N. so that our course has been more westerly than otherwise it would have been; and what makes bad worse is, that not only the *variation*, but the *lee-way* is against us; we are to-day in the latitude of the Cape de Verd islands, but by our reckoning some 5 or 6 degrees to the westward of them. The Syren goes through the trade better than we expected; by trimming her about six tons to windward, she keeps her sides up to it pretty well; and in smooth water we drive her six knots close upon a wind: It is true she runs her *lee-gunwall* under water, but we have been so accustomed to see *all* of her under water, we never mind *this trifle*;

but

but her heel is so great, and her motion so quick, and continual, there is no setting one foot before the other, or pen to paper; I have been an hour and half waiting for flatches to write the above.

Monday, June 13th. When I laid my pen down yesterday, I little thought I should have matter to address you again so soon, and upon an *even keel too*. At noon to-day we discovered our mast *sprung* about two feet above *the partners*, and another *rent* from the partners downward quite to *the beel* of the mast, which seems to be divided one third through, the separated part having a motion up and down of an inch; we immediately shortened sail, got in our

H

main-



main-sail, and secured the *boom* in the *crutch*, which are rendered useless, we fear, for the remainder of the voyage. The rent and separated part below the partners carry the appearance of an *old defect*, in the opinion of the *learned* on board. We have *clapped* on four strong *wooldings* round the mast, two above and two below the partners; and are this evening jogging on again, under the square-sail and top-sail, which the mast seems to bear very well; but under this sail she does not lie *so near* the wind by a point and half. You will recollect, that somewhere or other, in this hodge-podge, or Olio Podrida of mine, I growled at the heavy *shrouds* and rigging over head; but here again I was wrong;

*whatever*

*whatever is, is right*; for it was these substantial shrouds which saved the mast to the eastward of the Cape from being brought by the board.

I have the pleasure to inform you, to-day *our trade* inclines well easterly, a happy circumstance, or in all likelihood we should have been driven a cod-fishing on the banks of Newfoundland: But, alas! no pleasure in this transitory system of ours is of long continuance, but is perpetually dashed with some afflicting alloy or other. This day we unhappily lost one of our *messmates* over-board—poor ill-fated grimalkin, faithful companion, and sharer in our joys and griefs, and frequent source

to us of joke and mirth: Where shall my pen find language meet to celebrate the many transcendant beauties of thy mind and person? Thy maternal care and anxiety, not only to subsist, but train thy young! Thy courage adventurous! that even braved the sea's and tempest's rage, and *band* of sailor still more tremendous! in search of food, for thy helpless and hungry offspring;—thy sprightly gambols—thy beauteous symmetry—thy ermine white—thy glowing red, which made Aurora blush—thy black, than jet more clear and brilliant;—for three revolving days will I lament thy fate, disastrous and sudden, and sing a requiem to thy departed shade.—Sancho's ass, when lost, never  
 merited



merited lamentations more than our—*puffs*  
 —Oh! what a *tumble* from my *stilts*! Is it  
 possible to believe what follows? These  
 unnatural children, Miss Peggy and Miss  
 Moggy, have not shed one tear on this  
 melancholy occasion, nor made the least  
 enquiries after their indulgent parent, but  
 are as usual romping from morning until  
 night, as if no such disaster had happened.

MONDAY, *June 20, 1757.*

Course N. 29 W. distance 87 miles.

Lat. per Obser. - - 27° 46' N.

— per account - - 27 40

Long. made - - - 23 11 W.

N. D. - - - - 22 34

From the ISLAND of ASCENSION.

This is the anniversary of the fatal catastrophe of the Black-Hole, therefore you may easily conceive what *bent* my meditations take at this period;—a period! which, during my existence under *this form*, I will dedicate to SOLEMN SADNESS, and to the effusions of a grateful heart. I have already exposed to you my weak and imperfect talents *in rhyme*; you shall now have a further exposition of them *in blank verse*, as being more suitable to the awful subject!

*At Sea, June 1757.*

Omniscient! awful! eternal God!  
 Thou source of light, omnipotent! supreme!  
 Deign, with gracious and attentive ear,  
 To hearken unto thy suppliant's voice;

Who

Who prostrate bends before thy mercy-seat,  
 Off'ring, with thoughts submissive and sincere,  
 The humble tribute of a thankful heart,  
 For all thy blessings, manifold and great!

Prefs'd with the sense of thy repeated goodness,  
 And of my own demerits conscious,  
 Where shall my grateful, fearful tongue begin,  
 In language meet, to celebrate thy name?  
 Beneficent! merciful! great! and good!  
 Thy hand auspicious crown'd my labours  
 With prosperous issue, affluence sweet;  
 Rais'd me to honours, and important trust;  
 And though, for purposes to THEE best known,  
 Thou lately, in thy displeasure, didst permit  
 Myself and others, thy unhappy creatures,  
 (Unhappy chiefly in thy displeasure)  
 To be involved in sufferings and ruin;  
 Yet was thy gracious arm, puissant!  
 My shield and succour in the day of battle,  
 And in that night of horrors! (which never

Yet



Yet had semblance dire! in mortal annals)  
 Thou, with piteous eye, benevolent!  
 Beheld my trials, beyond human strength;  
 Gav'st me in charge to thy angelic band;  
 Withheld my impious hand, uplifted,  
 Impell'd, to act of desperation!  
 Shot through my soul a gleam of hope,  
 Amidst the horrid gloom, and house of death,  
 And taught my heart reliance on thy pow'r:  
 Then, oh deed miraculous! stupendous!  
 Rais'd this fall'n, inanimated frame,  
 From dead<sup>th</sup> to life, renew'd and strange!  
 Whilst the hapless multitude, around me,  
 Fell wretched victims to deaths most grievous.

As Thou, O being infinite and just!  
 Hast thus been pleas'd to raise this lifeless clay  
 Once more to feel existence, toil, and care,  
 Be this Thy act, an earnest, gracious  
 Omen beatific! of that future  
 Resurrection, glorious! happy!

When

When my longing soul shall be exalted,  
And rais'd, BY THEE, to life eternal.

Let not my tongue here cease to sing thy praise,  
But still, whilst thought and memory exist,  
Record thy mercies, subsequent, and great!

To lawless pow'r and tyranny a prey,  
Shackled with chains, lot ignominious!  
In loathsome prison cast, expos'd, the scorn  
Of wretches vile, and void of human pity;  
Bereaved of health, life's chiefest comfort;  
Of liberty deprived; thy first, thy  
Greatest gift, inestimable! to man;  
In one fatal inauspicious hour,  
Despoil'd of worldly acquisitions,  
The fruits of labour, care, anxiety,  
For more than full twice ten revolving suns;  
Forlorn and wretched in supreme degree;  
Stripp'd of all hope—but in thy aid divine!  
Hopes not unavailing, affiance sure,

When

When urged by contrite heart, and perfect faith  
 In Thy Almighty power, and ready will;  
 Sacred truth, in me exemplify'd;  
 Who felt thy saving hand, propitious,  
 Avert the tyrant's and oppressor's sword,  
 From my devoted and defenceless head.

In dungeon noisome, and infectious,  
 Thy presence, with aspect mild and gentle,  
 Preserv'd my enfeebled mind, elate in hope;  
 Thy arm redeem'd my embarrass'd feet  
 From fetters infamous, disgraceful, vile!  
 And health and smiling liberty restor'd  
 To my sad, sinking, and exhausted frame.

Thy power, O great Creator, stopp'd not here,  
 Extensive! unbounded! as thy mercy,  
 To us thy creatures, though unmeriting.  
 Those thy attributes, inexhaustible!  
 Pursues my trackless paths, advent'rous!  
 Over the face of the tremendous deep,

Ever



Ever fraught and pregnant with disasters,  
 And perils great and unavoidable,  
 'Gainst which man's art, presumptuous and vain,  
 Would prove defence inefficacious,  
 Without thy hand invisible, though sure.

Amidst the shock of elements severe!  
 Enormous seas! and winds tempestuous!  
 Thy Providence sustain'd the lab'ring bark,  
 (Alone unequal to the doubtful strife)  
 Which rose, upheld by secret impulse,  
 And buoyant brav'd the tempest's utmost rage!

SUNDAY, *June* 26, 1757.

Course N. 6 W. Distance 86 miles.

Lat. per Obs. - - - - 31° 44' .

— per account - - - 31 41 N.

Long. made - - - - - 24 04 W.

N. D. - - - - - 23 20

From the ISLAND of ASCENSION.

Twenty

Twenty tedious weeks this morning from the pilot, we are now in the latitude, where we may hourly expect to fall in with ships either going to or coming from the West-Indies; and they may prove French, as well as English; consequently it is not at all improbable, but that a stop may be soon put to my scribbling; therefore the judgment will be, to make the most of the time I am sure of:—Our mast holds up well, as we favour it; but should we be obliged to press the sloop with sail, I fear we should make a bad hand in *running for it*. As we fell in unusually early with the N. E. trade, we fell out of it as early; for it gave us the *slip* the 20th, (*fatal ominous day*, when I was so near *slipping*

*slipping* my own wind) under 28 degrees of N. latitude; since when, until this day, we have met with little better than cruel calms.

Our situation on the whole does not wear a pleasing aspect; our people daily falling down with the scurvy, and we abast not intirely free from it: within this week we have thrown our boatfwain, and his mate, overboard; *death* has all the game *in his own hands*, for I have had no ammunition, no powder, ball, or other missive weapons, for these twenty days past.

All our live stock expended, except four small sheep and ten geese; so that if we  
meet



meet with any continuance of bad weather, our people will be all assuredly down; and we abast shall be reduced to the woeful alternatives, of hard salt beef, and harder labour, during the rest of the voyage. Most *unluckily* for our poor people, they have had but one meal of fresh fish since we have been at sea.

SATURDAY, *July 2*, 1757.

Course N. 5 E. distance 164 miles.

Lat. per obs. - - - 40° 23' N.

— per account - - - 40 39

Long. made 7 - - - - 19 53 W.

N. D. - - - - - 21 04

From the ISLAND of ASCENSION.

Judging the island of Corvo (if in being) to bear of us E. by S. distant 55 leagues,

we

we conclude we are well clear of the northernmost of the Azores, or Western islands, and may say we have turned *the last corner*; steering N. E. by E. with what the sailors call a feezor at W. N. W. which runs us nine knots an hour. The seas here not quite *all one brother come*, with those we encountered eastward of the Cape, but they are most certainly at least *first cousins* of them: the vessel has to-day *fetch'd* some heavy and deep rolls, which made us all, like so many French men, squeeze up our shoulders for the dreaded fate of our poor *maimed mast*; for by Venus, (the only oath a seaman should ever swear) if that goes overboard, we shall all go merrily along with it; for it would be rude, if not cruel,

to

to let it go by itself, after it has so long kept *us* company; but joking apart, hitherto all is well—and I again assert the Syren, for her size, is the finest sea-boat that ever swam upon the *salt seas*, as the jacks say. In my next I hope to inform you we are standing in for some British port. In some of my speculative moods, comparing small things with great, I cannot help applying to myself, and to my late and present fortunes, the reply which the Oracle returned to *Theseus*:—

“ For as a bladder still abides

“ The fury of the angry tides;

“ So thou from high waves, unhurt, shall ever  
“ bound;

“ Always toft, but never drown'd.”

SUNDAY,



SUNDAY, *July* 10, 1757.

Course N. 89 E. Distance 48 miles.

Lat. per observ. - - - - - 46° 42' N.

— per account - - - - - 46 42

Lon. made (or rather unmade) 3 19 W.

N. D. - - - - - 9 06

From the ISLAND of ASCENSION.

I am no stoick, therefore I may be allowed the liberty of growling a little; for this is the fourth day we have been held by the nose, by a cruel N. E. and easterly winds, severely cold, as if it was the depth of winter: if the winds continue much longer in these points of the compass, we shall be obliged either to stand back to the southward and westward, or to run into

I

the

the very jaws of the French privateers from Brest, and the Bay of Biscay; on the whole, our prospects are truly alarming; one poor little sheep breathes yet, and his life is spared, from the same political principle of *tenderness*, which preserves the barren country of some petty state, to wit, its not being worth the taking. We have not, as yet, fallen in with a squadron, or a single vessel of any nation whatsoever; which makes us conclude the war is hot and general, although possibly we may more justly attribute it to our being some degrees westward of our reckoning; which, I believe, is commonly the case in these long runs. Thus at home, as it were, to be checked in our career, is a most mortifying

mortifying state. Avaunt, reflection! it yields no alleviation; I will have recourse again to the muses, and expose myself to you a third time, by transcribing a *Jeu d'Esprit*, which I composed on board the flying Lapwing, anno 1750, Capt. Francis Cheyne, commander, when I returned to England, after full twenty years absence from it. We left the Ganges late in September, and landed at Margate in March; Captain William Egerton, Mr. Samuel Rooper, and Mr. Thomas Jones, my fellow passengers.

*Adventurers to the East-Indies.*

Deprived by fate of fortune's equal grace,  
And anxious to shun the abject state  
Of irksome and abhorred dependance;



We quit our native land, our parents, friends,  
 And what's perhaps still nearer to our heart,  
 The darling object of our plighted vows.

In quest of hop'd for affluence we roam;  
 The ocean's vast expanse, tremendous!  
 Fearless, we attempt; dreading nought so much  
 As biting penury; unhappy lot,  
 Oftimes of virtue, unregarded, lost;  
 Whilst fortune's favourites, a worthless band,  
 Encompass'd joyous with the sweets of life,  
 Supinely quaff, and waste the jocund hours.

Mean while, happ'ly escap'd the various  
 Hazards of the unfathomable deep!  
 Rocks, quicksands, tempests, shoals invifible,  
 The lawless rover, fire, leaks,—direful train!  
 Gladsome we descry from far the coast of Ind,  
 Amidst whose scorching climes, our hapless fate  
 Sustains a long and anxious sojourn,  
 Inclement; our elastick nerves unstrung,

Our

Our moisture radical absorb'd, wasted!  
Each fibre's former vigor, strength, relax'd,  
Remaining only in their faintest traces.

Perhaps, when *Phæbus* twice ten times hath run  
His annual course, deserv'd success,  
Which ever waits on virtuous labour,  
Smiles propitious, and meets our wishes;  
Yet at this period, how few there are  
Can deign to move in humble sphere content,  
Though blest'd with independant affluence;  
Baleful avarice, thirst for something more,  
Suppress the inward calls of country, friends;  
'Till our exhausted strength and spirits fail,  
And our enfeebled carcase falls a prey  
To dire disease, and death's remorseless dart  
Inerrible! ere half our course is run.

Others, by temperate wisdom sway'd,  
(The only known, though least frequented road,  
Which leads to human happiness serene)

Maturely

Maturely ponderating every ill,  
 Inevitable, which attends the search  
 Of wealth accumulated (search still endless!)  
 Preferring tranquil life, with humble means,  
 Resolve to explore their native land once more;  
 Urg'd perhaps by filial piety,  
 Or other tender springs, which time, nor space,  
 Could ever weaken in the faithful breast.  
 Yet now, though fix'd in our resolves, we find  
 The mind (accustom'd by a long abode)  
 Reluctant, and with anxious sorrow,  
 Breaks through the bands of various attack  
 Of friendship, long cemented, and sincere;  
 Of love, mysterious, pleasing power!  
 Tasks, difficult, unsurmountable,  
 Did not auspicious reason, urgent,  
 Propel, and fix our wavering purpose.

The destin'd bark, whilom, for speed renown'd,  
 Adventurous we climb, our hearts elate  
 With distant prospect of our native isle;

*Ganges'*



*Ganges'* accumulated sands we pass,  
 Whilst gentle breezes fill our swelling sails;  
 Onward we press, and leave at distant view  
*Palmira's* point, *Orissa's* lofty hills;  
 Traversing *Telinga's* opulent coast,  
 Transient we view with soul aggriev'd,  
 The hapless favourite feat of commerce;  
 So late from daring hostile hands resum'd;\*  
*St. David's* fortrefs next we joyous greet,  
 The lasting scene of war's destructive sway:  
 Here we hold a short but pleasing sojourn;  
 Nor quit its walls without a rising sigh.

*Ceylon*, renown'd in Indian story,  
 We next essay; and, tiresome, quit the view  
 Of its aspiring aromattick hills;  
 Currents unpropitious, winds adverse,  
 Henceforward our destin'd course retard;  
 Tedious time, with leaden wings array'd,

\* *Madras* just ransomed.

Brooding unknown events, seems to move  
With sad and solemn pace, uncouth and slow.

Meantime the wearisome hours beguiling,  
Diversely, we relax the thoughtful mind;  
Sometimes the royal Eastern game superb!\*  
(Alone secluding chance, precarious)  
With deep design we fondly meditate;  
The chequer'd plain, in opposite array,  
Embattled stands, and slaughter dire! ensues;  
When lo! 'midst deepest stratagems, and wiles,  
The agitated bark oblique descends,  
And all is chaos and confusion!  
Kings, Cent'nels, Bishops, Queens, and Knights  
o'erthrown,  
And blended in a heap, promiscuous lie:  
Happy event, for him, whose King distress'd,  
Awaits impending chains and foul disgrace;  
Not so, to him, whose Queen triumphant!  
Knights victorious! thin the passive field.

\* Chefs.

In books amusing next we seek relief;  
 Or else in calm search of useful knowledge,  
 Deep, intense, we bend the labouring thought;  
 Fruitless attempt! the gloomy soul, oppress'd,  
 Brooks but ill attention's steady chain.

The human frame, requiring recent air,  
 Sweet, salutiferous! our close confine  
 Precipitate we quit, and glad retire,  
 From whence (amidst tumultuous seas)  
 The cheerful light is oft secluded shut,\*  
 And stagnate air, with horrid influence,  
 Infectious, fills the endarken'd space,  
 The deadly source of fell scorbutick rage!

The boist'rous deck, whilom serene and gay,  
 Anxious we ascend; where all around,  
 Th' embattl'd elements, with danger fraught,  
 "Hold riotous contention," dreadful!

\* The dead lights of the cabin shut in for fifteen days.

Awhile



Awhile we ambulate, with thoughtful brow,  
 When straight a rushing wave, enormous!  
 O'erwhelms us, and instant impels our steps,  
 Reluctant, dripping, to our dark abode.

Thus with vicissitudes, tiresome, perplex'd,  
 Four tedious moons, near on elaps'd  
 Exulting! we descry the southern coast  
 Of *Africk's* fruitful spacious continent,  
 Within whose view, 'midst winds tempestuous,  
 And agitated seas, we long are tofs'd;  
*Boreas* and *Zephyrus* combining,  
 With strength united, fierce! impede our way;  
 The undulating waves, with force redoubled  
 And continu'd fury, lash the lab'ring bark.

Mean while, our steady chief, experienc'd,  
 For ever careful, vigilant, and bold,  
 Exerts his skill mature; on him relying,  
 Secure we rest, and hope for happier climes.

At

At length, relenting *Zephyrus*, smiling,  
 Indulgent, with *Auster's* force combining,  
*Africk's* Cape we double, and leave aggriev'd  
 Its healthful viands, herbage, far behind.

Joyful, next we gain the wish'd for region,  
 Where *Vulturnus* holds his steady reign;  
 With force enervate, our opening sails,  
 He scarcely fills, and heavily propels  
 Our tedious way; the fourth temp'rate zone  
 We slowly quit; and now the shaggy goat  
 Coelestial sign, the southern limits  
 Of the torrid zone, once more we pass,  
 Though here amidst *Vulturnus'* cooling breeze,  
 It well may lose its dreaded fultry name.

*St. Helen's* healthful isle next moves our hopes,  
 Which, twice eight days elaps'd from *Africk's* cape,  
 With joy we view, and in idea taste  
 Its various and refreshing produce;  
 For now, by long sojourn on *Neptune's* realms,

Barren

Barren and waste, our harrafs'd frames depreſs'd,  
Impatient wait the wholeſome ſweet repaſts  
Of earth's reſtorative, fruitful boſom.

As nearer we explore the long'd-for iſle,  
With horror we ſurvey its craggy form!  
Riſing ſtupendous o'er th' approaching bark,  
'Till with aſpiring head it dares the clouds,  
With horrible and ſteep aſcent!  
Its rocky fides, like one continued calx,  
Diſtaſteful ſtrikes, and looks the dire effect  
Of gen'ral ſpoil and conflagration.  
Now cloſer ſtill we coaſt its barren ſhores,  
And as we paſs, we ſcan with needful eye  
Its ſeveral lines, and platforms terrific!  
Conſtructed to repel th' invading foe.  
Barns, Banks, Ruperts, Mundens,\* we deſcry,  
And op'ning Chapel Vale, we moor the labour'd  
bark;  
From thence, a pleaſing ſcene, theatrical,

\* The various Batteries.



Attracts the eye, and urges nearer contact.  
 The bark, with speed impatient, we descend,  
 And ply with eager force the lab'ring oar,  
 To reach the distant foaming beach,  
 And gain with per'lous leap the craggy shore,  
 Whereon the restless waves, impetuous,  
 Incessant, dash their briny heads superb,  
 And with resurge, tumultuous and fierce,  
 Strike horror and dismay on all around!\*

Nor can the pitying muse her strain pursue,  
 Without the tribute of a sigh sincere,  
 For *Rose* and *Barry*, thy disastrous fates,†  
 Who, thoughtless of approaching destiny,  
 Were hence, with headlong fury snatch'd, the  
     sport  
 Of rocks, and waves relentless,  
 Alternate dash'd from each to other,  
 Till their harrafs'd souls, no longer able

\* This was in January.

† Two most worthy and excellent seamen drowned here.

To animate their agitated corps,  
 Reluctant wing their flight; still hov'ring  
 In social, sad, and melancholy mood,  
 O'er their late abode, hapless and forsaken,  
 Which thus of funereal rights debarr'd,  
 Sink, and are lost, amidst th' abyss profound.

Domestick griefs here stopp'd the Muse's course.

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So much for *Doggerel*, I will not disgrace the art so much as to give it the title of *poetry*.—But it is time I descend to plain prose, reassume my subject, and put a close to my Journal; believing, that by this time you are pretty well tired, but if *you* are not, I am most abundantly.

FRIDAY,

FRIDAY, *July* 15, 1757.

Course N. 62 E. distance 69 miles.

Lat. per Obser. - - 47° 43' N.

— per account - - 48° 16

Long. made - - - 3 55 E.

N. D. - - - - 5 2 W.

From the ISLAND of ASCENSION.

Whimsical has been our circumstances since I wrote last, which I think was the 11th instant in the evening; the next morning we made three sail to windward of us, one of which gave chase to windward, and the other two bore down upon us. You may imagine we were in no small bustle, out spying-glasses immediately: you may guess at our panick, when Captain

*King*



*King* declared, he knew the nearest to us was a Frenchman by the cut of her sails; but he soon reversed our feelings by averring, the other was an English man of war; she proved the Lancaster, commanded by Commodore *Edgcombe*; the other, a prize she had taken the week before; the third, which gave chase to windward, was the *Chichester*. You may conceive our glee at finding things thus. Capt. *King* went on board the Commodore, urged in the strongest terms the importance of the advices we were charged with, and pressed hard to be convoyed into port; the reply was, he could not leave his station, being ordered to wait there for the Turkey fleet, but that if we kept with him until he joined

joined the Chichester, he would see us well to the northward, and *possibly* send the Chichester in with us.

We stood to the westward all the night of the 12th in search of the Chichester, but she not appearing, the Commodore stood all the morning of the 13th to the northward with us; but at four in the afternoon, seeing a sail, he chased to the S. E. until eight at night, when he hailed us, and advised us to make the best of our way to the channel, as he should stand to the southward, in hopes of speaking with the chase in the morning. Thus we lost near two days of fair wind, (which came about to the northward and westward the

12th) and led this droll wild-goose chase out of our way; and left, as we had been before, under the *convoy of chance*, after having received the *comfortable* intelligence that the sea was covered with the enemy's privateers from Ushant to Cape-Clear.

*Self-interest*, under one seductive form or other, is the *ruling passion*, which leads and biaſſes the actions and ſentiments of all mankind: upon this *principle*, I have not the ſmalleſt doubt, but that every individual on board the Lancaſter wiſhed us, and our *important diſpatches*, at the bottom, when they found themſelves diſappointed of a *ſuppoſed certain prize*; for we led them a dance to the northward,

with



with all the sail we could venture to crowd upon our maimed mast, until they came within gun-shot of us, and a shot brought us to.

But gratitude now bids me declare the benefits we received from our late interview. Here follows a list of the Commodore's bounties:—A good fat sheep, some fine salad, a precious ham, two turkeys, and six fowls; a bag of fresh bread, a most noble *fish*, (don't mistake me) put upon our mast by his carpenter, which enabled us in future to carry our main-sail; and to close the gracious catalogue, a cask of good beer. But let me not forget a particular favour done to myself; all that remained

to me, of the *general wreck* of Calcutta, to begin the world anew with, was about the amount of six hundred pounds sterling in gold dust; this the Commodore most politely took charge of, (and delivered to my order when he returned into port from his cruise) an event which made me as gay as a lark, for now a trip to France would not have affected me much.

But it is time I should resume our progress, and carry you into port.

When we received *our dispatch* from the Commodore as above, we pushed on boldly for the channel with a leading wind; but soon fell into the thickest fog I ever beheld;

we

we could see nothing beyond our boltsprit's end; it was very near being fatal to us, for we had a most narrow escape from being run down by the Prince Frederick man of war; from her we got the exact distance and bearings of the Scilly islands, which added to our security, the *charming fog* acting as a *screen*, by hiding us from the enemy's privateers; it stuck close by us all up the channel, when by our soundings we judged ourselves off the *Ram-head*, difficult and hazardous how to proceed, when we could see nothing before us; but all on a sudden, Monday the 19th of July 1757 by our journals, the sun broke forth, dispersed the fog, and *Plymouth sound* opened before us.

Here



Here follows a short dialogue between one of the vessels and us, as we stood up the sound:

"Ho, the sloop, ho hoy?"

'Hollo!'

"What ship's prize is that?"

'No ship's prize.'

"From whence came you?"

'From Bengal.'

"What, Bengal on the Ganges?"

'Aye, aye.'

"You lie, damme."

In truth it was not easy to conceive such a thing should make *such a voyage*.

When we landed, we found to our great astonishment it proved to be Tuesday

day the 20th, in place of Monday the 19th; so that by some error, which we could never precisely fix, we found we had *lost a day* in the course of the voyage. Marvellous was our luck, that we did not lose ourselves!

I am, &c. &c.

THE END.





